



## CLIMATE OR EDUCATION?

OUR CORRESPONDENT IS SOMEWHAT ALARMED ON BEHOLDING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONE OF THOSE AMPHIBIOUS CREATURES SO COMMON ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST.





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THE *Genesta's* crew could not get water of the Marbleheaders the other day because they were Englishmen. Evidently the Marbleheaders are behind the *Tribune*, for they do n't know the Revolution is over.

ANOTHER social misunderstanding in Kentucky; her husband and her brother fire fifteen shots at each other before "honor" is satisfied. Kentucky "chivalry" seems to be looking up, as there have been several affairs of this kind recently. When a Kentuckian's "honor" is at stake he begins to drink and shoot, and as soon as any one is hit he is satisfied. It may be himself or some other fellow, but he is happy.

NEWSPAPER comments upon Mr. Vanderbilt's action in regard to the West Shore Road convinces us that the great millionaire is doing his best to ruin the widows and orphans who have heretofore been fortunate enough to hold heavy interests in this prosperous road.

The fall from an eighteen carat failure to a guaranteed six per cent. stock is conclusive proof of this, and is but another evidence of the offensive methods Mr. Vanderbilt has lately employed in thrusting his money into the pockets of the needy.

IT is a well-known fact that Mr. Hubert O. Thompson has Mr. Cleveland's written resignation in his trousers pocket, to be presented to the Senate as soon as the President incurs the ex-Commissioner's displeasure. We strenuously advise Mr. Cleveland, therefore, to stick to the woods until the Gubernatorial campaign is over, for it has been proven beyond the possibility of a doubt by the New York *Tribune* that whatever he does he is bound to displease his friends; and, as far as we can see from a perusal of the great Republican organ, the only friend Mr. Cleveland has outside of the little patent rebel horde which Mr. Reid keeps in his private office is Hubert O. Thompson.

We should hate to have Mr. Hendricks in the Presidential chair, and if it be true—and we have it on the undeniable

authority of an opposition editor—that President-maker, Dr. Burchard, has signed the Vice-President's commission, we fear that there is serious danger ahead.

The President cannot stick to his fish line too closely.

THE Marquis of Corks, the light weight ex-husband of Mme. Patti, obtained a divorce from his operatic spouse—probably on the ground of cruelty. This, of course, suited the Diva to a dot, but having rid herself of the unpopular Marquis she is now confronted by Mrs. Nicolini, who steps up with a lien upon the would-be Mr. Patti, claiming that he is worth \$50,000 to her.

This is a sad case of the impediments in the way of youthful lovers. And unless Mme. Patti is willing to give up a week's wages for a controlling interest in her favorite tenor, this unhappy couple will be forced to bow their heads to fate and wait patiently for the coming of the Angel of Death—to the present holder of the Nicolini mortgage.

MASSACHUSETTS seems to do more toward getting the country into trouble and out of it than any of her sisters. She gives us the *Puritan* as an offset to that row she got us into with England about a hundred years ago over some tea that was dumped in her harbor. She certainly does well in the slugging and yacht building line, and we think, as good Americans, that the *Puritan* is going to distinguish herself. She is handicapped with a name that is enough to hold anything back. A rapid Puritan!

Were the Puritans in charge of affairs to-day they would have the owners of the yacht publicly whipped for indulging in such frivolous practices, and probably burn the boat as a witch.

IT seems like tempting fate for the Democrats to nominate Gov. Hoadly a second time.

His mouth should be muzzled and his feet fastened securely to prevent the usual complications which arise between them whenever the Governor goes into politics.

IT is a significant fact that Sea Serpents are never seen off Asbury Park.

THE weather which a more or less tender Providence has seen fit to give us recently must have raised havoc with the prophets. When it comes to hunting up extra blankets and going back to winter clothing in August, we cannot help feeling there is mismanagement somewhere. We hardly like to lay the entire blame upon the present Administration, but there is a Democrat at the bottom of it.

Of this we are convinced.



TO THE POINT.

*Enthusiastic Young Lady:* IS THAT BOAT THE GRACIE, MR. SMITH? AND THAT THE FANNY? AND THAT LOVELY LONG, WHITE, THIN YACHT THE ILEEN? WHAT PRETTY NAMES! DO THEY NAME THEM AFTER THEIR SISTERS—OR—OR THEIR FRIENDS, MR. SMITH?

*Mr. S.:* YES, GENERALLY AFTER THEIR FRIENDS. SISTERS VERY SELDOM HAVE PRETTY NAMES.

*Y. L.:* HAVE YOU A YACHT, MR. SMITH?

*Mr. S.:* NO, BUT I AM BUILDING ONE NOW.

*Y. L.:* AND WHAT IS HER NAME?

*Mr. S.:* SHE HASN'T ANY. I THOUGHT OF CALLING HER AFTER YOU, IF YOU WOULD NOT BE ASHAMED OF HER.

*Y. L.:* OH, HOW LOVELY! MY NAME IS ELIZABETH, YOU KNOW. WHAT WILL YOU CALL HER? LIZZIE, OR BESSIE, OR JUST BESS?

*Mr. S.:* I DIDN'T THINK OF ANY OF THOSE NAMES. I THINK I WOULD RATHER CALL HER THE MRS. ELISHA SMITH.

FROM TEXAS.

THERE is a town in Texas where the heat is sometimes so great that it has been known to dry up a bottle of whiskey in less than five minutes.

One day a dusky stranger entered the hotel, moistened his scorching throat, and then recommenced his journey. However, after toiling about a hundred yards, the beneficial effects of the fluid subsided; at every step his knee-joints creaked aloud for fresh lubricant. Accordingly, the weary pilgrim deposited his chattels on the sidewalk, limped painfully back to the bar, imbibed, and started again. When within ten yards of his belongings the desiccating action of the heat compelled him to return and once more moisten his aridity. Seven times did that persevering man start, and seven times was he constrained to retrace his steps. Finally,

seeing that it was useless to struggle against the force of Nature, he decided to remain at the hotel until the weather became cooler. While taking measures to replace the perspiration he noticed that the thermometer registered 105°.

"Guess you find business pretty brisk, just now," he remarked to the barkeeper.

"No. Never been so slow afore. Do n't expect to do much while this cold snap lasts."

ONE of the (in) delicacies of the season—"Chatter," at Wallack's.

A LONG FELT WANT—A new hat.

THE POPULAR DEFINITION OF CASHIER—Cash somewhere else.





#### A HOUSEHOLDER'S WAIL.

NOW the summer season 's over  
And the autumn has begun,  
While from mountain, coast and valley  
Folks begin their homeward run.  
And they find, to their amazement,  
While they 've rusticated been,  
All the menials in the family  
Have maintained their kith and kin.

Yes, the cook has had her father  
Feeding on the very fat  
Of that mansion in the city;  
While her youngest brother, Pat,  
Who has just arrived from Erin,  
And who runs with the "machine,"  
Has the parlor for his quarters  
Where the heelers all convene.

There are rumors of a marriage  
'Twixt the coachman and the maid,  
And the chandeliers are flashing  
O'er the tired masquerade  
Which was given by the butler  
For to celebrate the day  
That had brought him out of chaos  
And had put him into clay.

In July it sometimes happens  
That all things are found O. K.,  
And it might perchance be found so  
At an early August day;  
But if we find on coming back  
Our houses are well kept,  
We can bet our bottom dollar  
That the season is n't Sept.

#### SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

V.

MT. DESERT.

THE old adage "From Grave to Gay" so shortened the distance between Asbury Park and Mt. Desert that the SAUNTERER was led to take his way toward the little island where jollity is as rampant as conviviality is scarce.

A wardrobe not being essential to Mt. Desert life, the SAUNTERER was perfectly at home there owing to the comforting presence of a white flannel tennis shirt and a pair of knickerbockers, precious relics of former prosperity, when he

WE notice that a contemporary speaks of the March of Truth.

Up to the hour of going to press we have failed to see the head of the procession. Where does the *Tribune* come in?

\* \* \*

A RUMOR has reached us that Miss Maggie Mitchell has been engaged by a prominent manager as leading juvenile for next season.

This is Miss Mitchell's second childhood season.

\* \* \*

THE rumor that Mayor Grace has appointed Mr. Squire Poet Laureate to the Board of Aldermen lacks confirmation.

\* \* \*

#### PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"I CHARGE THEE."—Hamlet.

\* \* \*

A STREET Commissioner in Boston has been removed for extravagance in office.

It is estimated that he kept three out of every five streets clean.

associated with Newport lords and Saratoga aristocrats, the one with a lineage as long as the credulity of his admirers, and the other's pedigree dating back to various corners in Chicago Pork.

Not so well provided was he in the matter of appetite, which was not of so spirituelle a nature as to be quite satisfied with the airy nothings of a Mt. Desert menu. And, it being the custom at all the principal hotels on the Island to charge "eatage" on imported edibles, just as at other places corkage is charged on private wines, the SAUNTERER tabooed caravanseries and took unto himself a private room in a public boarding-house, for which he paid the moderate sum—for

Mt. Desert—of \$7.50 per diem, and acted as his own boot-black, waitress and chambermaid. The fare, consisting of such food as was afforded by reflection, love and invitations to dinner, while not fattening, was nevertheless equal to the task of supporting life.

Providing himself with a handsomely engraved card, the SAUNTERER sent a specimen copy of the same to every one in town he did n't know, which, as he was but a stranger there, was possibly not so select a method as might have been employed. This naturally opened the way for calling afterwards upon all the families in person to explain the awkward mistake which is always liable to attend the similarity of names to those of old friends of the family, and an apology invariably offered for the apparently impertinent intrusion rarely failed in extracting the hope from the other party that he, she or it should have the pleasure of seeing the SAUNTERER again.

Such is the power of grace and beauty in a social atmosphere.

In nine cases out of ten this little ruse worked so successfully that, within three days of his arrival, the SAUNTERER was engaged to all but two of the young ladies in town, and they only refused because, coming from Boston, they could not enthuse sufficiently to say yes on a three-hour acquaintance.

Of course such popularity had its disadvantages, especially when the SAUNTERER and "his *fiancée*" were invited to attend a subscription ball at the Malvern. Each matron in town told every other happy mother that Mr. Harcourt was to escort her daughter to the ball that evening, which little confidence led to many a misunderstanding and several coolnesses between families.

This was nothing, however, alongside of the effect produced upon the Lady Patronesses—no doubt so called to distinguish them from the Gentleman Patronesses—when the SAUNTERER drove up in a twenty-seated buckboard, each seat containing three girls. The manageresses did n't know what to make of it, and Mt. Desert is convulsed over the social solecism of a Malvern Ball where there were not three men for each girl.

It was likewise rather wearing to have to stop all over town and send in for ten or a dozen *fiancées* in a lump, especially as the SAUNTERER had sworn a terrible oath to each that he was the one true, honest lover in Mt. Desert who did n't travel on the Mormon doctrine of *Polyfiancism*, and to explain to sixty girls all at once that they "must have misunderstood him, and that there was a glaring error somewhere" was embarrassing to the last degree.

It was noticeable that they all willingly deferred any final rupture of the engagements until the next day, as the opportunity to attend a Malvern Ball is eagerly sought by every girl in Mt. Desert, and once obtained is not rashly given up.

The next time the SAUNTERER was invited to an entertainment, for some terribly occult reason, blamable, no doubt, to a Democratic administration of the mails, the cards were not received until the morning after the event had taken place. The exposure of the SAUNTERER's baseness,

and the confirmation of the suspicion that he was as great a perjurer as all other Mt. Desert men, destroyed for once and for all his charming little corner on girls.

For a day and a half he received nothing but snubs from his former *fiancées*, and in one case his receipts were not confined to the cut direct. One young lady became so confused that, in her vexation of spirit, she returned to the SAUNTERER the gifts of his predecessor in her affections. This enabled him to live in a little better style, and a boatman was found who was willing to lease him a canoe for a week in consideration of a little blue heart locket containing a lock of false hair and a tin type of a Philadelphia girl.

Possessed of a canoe, fortune once more smiled upon the SAUNTERER, and the hard-hearted jilters of the day before became once more his devoted admirers. But this time the SAUNTERER was proud and confined his attentions to heiresses and, when canoeing, resolutely refused to do any experimental drowning for any girl whose father was worth less than a million. To such an extent, however, was the Heiress Drowning and Rescuing scheme worked, that after a week's judicious management the SAUNTERER possessed enough gratitude from Monopolists and Bloated Bond Holders, that he could have lived the rest of his days on a complimentary ticket, without a care to cause him sleepless nights, were it not for the fact that all the gratitude had to be compressed into the hospitalities of the next season in town.

It was a paying business, without counting incidental dividends realized by the banjos which were thus lost forever to their fair owners, but which were subsequently recovered by a young newspaper correspondent who shall be nameless.

So went the week with Rinking, Tennis, and such games as Bunny and Pebbles for evening entertainment thrown in.

A sad accident on Saturday caused the SAUNTERER to leave the town for the season. While canoeing with a young lady from Providence the usual programme of upsetting the canoe was followed out, with the important ceremony of rescuing the girl omitted. The SAUNTERER was terribly cut up over the young lady's death, and offered ample apologies to her family. They treated him kindly and begged him not to mention it, which he proceeded to do, but not mentioning things cast such a gloom over his whole being that he started for the White Mountains, where he now is and from whence will be sent his next communication.

*Cholmondeley Harcourt.*

#### SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

CLERICAL-LOOKING GENTLEMAN (to boy): "My little man, can you direct me to the camp meeting?"

LITTLE BOY (in great haste): "Yessir. It's jest on de odder side of de hill."

GENTLEMAN: "Ah, thanks. I suppose the attendance is large and the results satisfactory?"

LITTLE BOY (with enthusiasm): "Yessir, de results is wery satisfactory. Me fadder tapped a kag o' beer jest outside de groun's, an' sold it all in less 'n an hour. I'm goin' fer an odder kag."



"SHE GAVE A LOUD SHRIEK AND SWOONED AWAY."

#### OUR LITTLE CULTURE SOCIETY AT PIGNAPOKE.

PIGNAPOKE, C. H.

Editor LIFE:

SIR—

JEFFERSON street was, last week, the scene of a disgraceful exhibition of jealousy and *pique*.

For two weeks the magnificent hospitality of Lucretia had, with many sly allusions to our little *histrionics*, which I could well afford to take in good part, formed the sole topic of conversation at the post office. Abraham Jolly was furious at the lofty height to which I, as president of our little society, had soared.

I was surprised one morning to see him enter my store, and with an unpleasant smile ask for percale in a very wide stripe. He said his sister wanted it for a dress. I was pleased at this evidence of the influence of our club and gave him full yards for the sake of the cause.

In a few moments after he left a friend of his, who had seven sisters, came in and bought seven dresses in large spots, stripes and checks. This was delightful; during the day I sold no less than twenty-five dresses, and all to our most open enemies. This was on Tuesday. On Saturday, at noon, a strange commotion seemed to agitate the village.

The butcher across the street would start up at the least sound, throw down his cleaver, and rush to the door.

Mr. Wibbil was affected likewise, and the apothecary's boy brought his pestal and mortar out on the front door step and looked anxiously around. I felt that something awful was about to happen. The town was full of people, as is usual on Saturday, and the strange, expectant hush soon extended to them all. At half-past twelve Lucretia, followed by several of our society came in, very much excited.

She reported that Uncle Obadiah had missed Jonah that morning, and while searching for him had found the old covered bridge west of the village barricaded. He was certain he had heard Jonah's voice and Abe Jolly's well-known laugh in the bridge, but he was too badly frightened to go very near.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Lucretia, and just then the sound of a bass drum was heard, and a procession approached that was hailed by the unthinking with unseemly mirth. There was Jonah at the head of it, and upon his back a figure stuffed with straw, surmounted by a cabbage head; upon its breast a placard read,

"OUR PRESIDENT."



Following Jonah came an absurd masked figure in a striped gown beating a bass drum, and then a troop, arrayed in the dress goods I had sold in good faith and full measure, all caricaturing the styles our little society had set for the summer.

When Lucretia's eyes rested upon the insulting travesty upon myself seated upon Jonah's back she gave a loud shriek and swooned away. As I caught her in my arms I saw Jonah start back, come in contact with the drum, and then followed such a tattoo as only a mule could beat.

It took a dozen men to untangle the mule, the drum, and the drummer.

At this juncture, and while the lovely Lucretia was coming to, Uncle Obadiah arrived with the sheriff, whom he had called to assist in recovering his mule. At sight of this officer the masqueraders scattered in every direction, leaving the drummer to his fate.

The sheriff grasped him by the collar, raised his mask, and disclosed the woe-begone features of Abraham Jolly.

Uncle Obadiah was satisfied to recover Jonah, and tucking the head of cabbage under his arm rode off contented.

Thus again confusion seized our enemies.

Yours for culture,

*Algernon McCump.*



THE DISCOMFITURE OF ABRAHAM.

## FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

### THE PROVIDENT MULE.

A MULE having received a nice present, hid it carefully away in a hollow tree.

"Why did you hide your present?" asked one of the animals.

"Because I intend to keep it for my children."

"But suppose you should have no children?"

"Then it will do just as well for my grandchildren," replied the Mule, with a poetic expression of parental tenderness.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that a man's foresight may be so far-reaching as to sag in the middle and get blunt at the business end.

### THE PRIZE POEM.

AN old Goat that was editing a standard magazine announced that he would give an elegant and costly prize to the animal that would contribute the best poem in time for the richly illustrated Christmas number. The printed announcement stated that none of the poems would be returned; that all the competitors would assemble on a certain day, the decision would be announced, the prize awarded, and the company entertained with a "Belshazzar Feast." This offer started so many poetical animals to work that there was

a boom in the local foolscap market. At the proper time the contributors all assembled, the decision was announced in favor of the Opossum, who declared it the proudest moment of his life; and the prize, which was a portrait of the Goat neatly executed on a barrel-stave with soft mud, was presented by the editor after a short but eloquent address. The assembled company then repaired to the dining-room and partook of the "Belshazzar Feast," which consisted of a hatful of peanut hulls and a jug of fresh water. After careful figuring the Goat discovered that, by a very slight expenditure of money, he had accumulated enough MSS. to chew on for six months.

MORAL: This Fable has remote reference to the mysterious affinity subsisting between the country editor and the prize watermelon.

IT is quite necessary for a speaker who stumps for the machine to bore his audience before riveting their attention.

WHIST-PLAYERS are likely to wipe out the old score with a rubber.

THIS is a depressing season for actors, but worse for the theatre goer.







ENTIC.

MANANCE OF IT.

## THE BOULDER AS A WORK OF ART.

SOME artistic soul has recently suggested that the Grant monument consist of a gigantic boulder in the rough; that the firmness and simplicity of the dead hero's character could be expressed in no better way.

That this is an idea there can be no question. The quality of the idea is a matter of taste. Of its economy there is no possible doubt. The kindly sympathy shown toward General Grant in not proposing it until after his demise is also a praiseworthy point. The immense advantage of this plan over all others is its economy.

When our next hero dies, and public decency demands a monument of some nature, we will have, not another boulder, for even boulders in too great profusion might not fill our public squares to advantage, but we will plant a tree! What is more suggestive of a truth-seeking nature, a soaring, progressive spirit, than a growing tree? How beautiful! How simple! And, above all, how economical. The New Yorker is not apt to display indecent haste in putting his money where he thinks there are no dividends.

Now this boulder dodge, we mean the boulder plan, can be worked advantageously in returning international courtesies. When the French Republic, for instance, attains its hundredth anniversary how nicely the boulder will come in.



And if this birthday should occur at a period of financial depression the grandeur and simplicity of the boulder would be peculiarly appropriate. The French, of course, would have to be educated up to the boulder standard. The accompanying illustration may give some faint idea of the indescribable beauties of the boulder as a work of art. The apparently insurmountable obstacle to a New Yorker would be the expense of getting it over there, but the probable condition of the United States navy at that time would make the following note not only permissible, but necessary:

Washington D.C.  
Aug 11/92

Mister the President  
of the French Republic  
Cher Mr

Please send us  
a boat to get the  
monument over  
and oblige  
Yours Truly  
*John M. Navy*  
Secy U.S. Navy

## PHILADELPHIA THE GOLDEN.

BY the failure of a train connection a weary Stranger was, once upon a time, thrown for several hours upon the barren shores of that solemn Quaker city, Philadelphia.

And so the Stranger paced the torrid and grass-grown streets, while his footsteps echoed through the awful silence, and the woodchucks and squirrels peered at him from their lairs, blinking in surprise at such an unusual sight and sound.

In the course of time the Stranger fell in with a policeman and was arrested for making so much noise with his feet. At the station house he was obliged to swear as to the length of his pedigree, as no one not able to trace his ancestry without a break for eighty generations is ever allowed within the city limits. He was also obliged to take an oath that he would wear carpet slippers or "rubbers," and on no account laugh aloud or attempt to give any public or private entertainment or amusement. He was then allowed to depart, and in a rather dazed manner proceeded to search for an old college friend.

At last, having found the right house, he swung the ponderous iron knocker, and in the course of time a startled-looking servant opened the door as far as a chain-bolt would permit, took the proffered card, and disappeared, leaving the door ajar.

Soon the Stranger heard a voice call in a stage whisper from the head of the stairs:

"John, where art thou?"

"Here, back piazza."

"What art thou doing?"

"Perspirin'."

"There is a man at the door to see thee."

"No!"

"His name is Mr. ——. Dost thou suppose his pedigree is as it should be?"

"O, dear, yes; we were at college together, and he just saved me from being at the foot of the class."

And as the Stranger was shown in, and the Friend proceeded to explain to him that all the surrounding mysterious stagnation and silence was caused by the simple fact that when the soul of man has passed through the various stages of purification and become perfected it takes up its abode for a time in the sacred city of Philadelphia, and all the inhabitants thereof are therefore what might be termed Buddhist Conservatives, who pass their entire time in striving to grasp through silence and contemplation the secret of the Nirvana or essence of Philadelphia.

Just then a prim, middle-aged lady entered and was introduced by the Friend as his "Aunt Tilly."

The Stranger expressed his delight at meeting Aunt Tilly by saying that he had always supposed the Queen of the Antilles to be an island in the West Indies, and he was overjoyed to find himself mistaken.

Aunt Tilly did not "catch on" for some little time, but at last when she did see the point they had to ring for an ambulance, and the Stranger was at the same time handed over

to the police, who ordered him, as a punishment for the heinous crime of making a pun, to leave the city at once.

And so shaking the dust and the rubbers of the city from his feet, the Stranger boarded the first train that was leaving. There was but one other passenger in the Stranger's car; he was a pale, weird, sad-eyed man, with a faint halo about his head.

In the course of the journey the Stranger fell into conversation with the weird man, and at last asked him if he was a Philadelphian. "Oh, no," answered the weird one, "I have no home, but in my moments of leisure I always run on to Philadelphia, as it is the only place that is congenial, and where I feel happy and at home," and then he added, after a pause: "I am Israfel, the Angel of Death." R. K.

"ET NUNC, ET SEMPER."

'ROUND Lesbos' isle the peaceful seas  
Lie calm at rest; the summer breeze  
Blows softly here; the southern sky  
Is blue and white with clouds blown by,  
And green the land with olive trees.

Here, o'er the lyre's tuneful strings  
His fingers stray, as Alcaeus sings  
Soft rhymes of love, and Sappho smiles  
At his sweet verse, and then beguiles  
His ear with song her fond love brings.

Since those two in that far off isle  
Sang of their love, a goodly while  
Has past away; yet, what they sung  
Is to the world as true and young  
As when by love and verse beguiled  
Alcaeus sung and Sappho smiled.

L. C. R.

THE MODERN COTTAGE.

IN the *American Architect and Building News* Bill Nye discourses upon the house of the period as follows:

"A friend of mine, a few days ago, showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it first rate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood. \* \* \*

"The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch, to get fresh air. This porch was painted a dull red, and had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a brand new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Further up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw now and then places where the workman's mind had wandered, and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up, and then painted them with the Paris green that he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd-looking

structure indeed. If my friend got all the materials for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without charge, of course the scheme was a financial success, but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State.

"There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a little of it at a time as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three-cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a wad of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently filling in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their bob sleds or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of bumps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

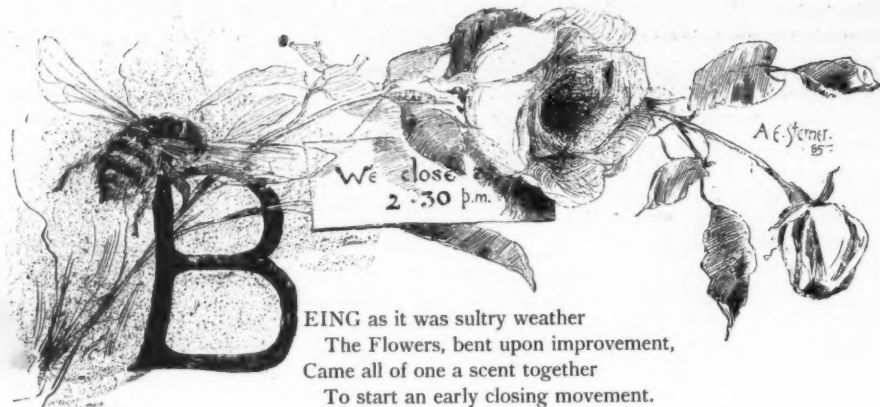
"I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would im-



A GOOD WAY OUT OF IT.

Little girl, pointing to impossible name: ARE YOU THAT?





When each and all had had their say  
In speeches long, and flowery, too,  
They all agreed 't would B—o—quet  
To close their buds at half-past two.

Alas! one Bee was not O. K.,  
He found too late, unto his sorrow,  
When he for honey called that day  
The stores were closed until the morrow.

O. H.



prove the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he did n't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing, he would never rest until he had it, whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one that he could trust—who would steal in there some night when the family were away, and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman that was present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind at call."

#### RETIREMENT.

NAY, do not ask why I who late  
First in the giddy throng disported,  
Now choose the solitary state  
And live alone, unmissed, uncourted.  
Is it so strange that sometimes man  
His own poor company should cherish?  
Must I go on as I began  
And dance, who ever pipes, or perish?

It may be that some stocks I had  
At lower figures now are quoted.  
It may be that my liver's bad;  
It may be that my tongue is coated.  
It may be that malarial pains

Are of the ills my flesh inherits—  
Heat fever rages in my veins  
And chills disintegrate my spirits.  
It may be better my friends are dead;  
It may be better my friends are not;  
Colds may have settled in my head,  
My coppers may be almost hot.  
It may be that I feel above  
My peers, and think myself a swell;  
It may be that I'm crossed in love;  
It may be that I will not tell.

I own I find a mean relief,  
Confining to myself my dealings  
A cheap community of grief  
Between me and my battered feelings,  
I shun the haunts of happier men;  
Their mirth my misery increases.  
My little bark is wrecked again  
And I am busy with the pieces.

THREE stages of moral depravity—jam, jamboree, jim-jams.

OLD gentleman full of fun, to infant of eight summers,  
who is smoking cigar: Can I trouble you for a light,  
mister?

Infant of eight summers: Here you go, my boy, but be  
sure you giv' back the right one.



"DID not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing on its bosom white-winged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?"

"Yes," replied the traveler, "for a while it did, but after a while it did n't fill me with anything. It sorter emptied me."—*Texas Siftings.*

GREAT as Daniel Webster was, there must have been times when he felt that Mrs. Webster was the bigger person of the two. Some recent reminiscences of the Sage of Marshfield reveal the fact that it was not an uncommon thing for him to take his son aside and observe: "Fletcher, my boy, let us go to Franklin to-morrow. We'll have a good time and leave the old lady at home."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys."

"They ain't, eh?" the boy replied, with his mouth full. "Guess you do n't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."—*New York Times.*

"WHAT is the matter?" asked an Austin doctor of a thin, young man named Anderson Pye. "I think the climate of Austin does not agree with me—have great trouble breathing with my lungs." "You would have a great deal more trouble breathing

without your lungs," responded the doctor, whereupon Anderson Pye got up and adjourned; and now he tells every one that the doctor does not understand his business.—*Texas Siftings.*

A SIMPLE-HEARTED and truly devout country preacher, who had tasted but few of the drinks of the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down by each plate. In silence and happiness this new Vicar of Wakefield quaffed his goblet, and then added: "Madam, you should daily thank God for such a good cow."—*Ex.*

IN Paris an American artist is dining with a wealthy and elderly countryman who piques himself on his knowledge of all matters æsthetic. The artist remarks, "I dropped in at the Louvre to-day to take a look at the 'Venus of Milo.' I have a great admiration for that statue." His host, approvingly, "Yes, it is a fine thing; very fine. By the way, did Milo ever do anything else?"—*Ex.*

#### IN VACATION.

Now the personal department of the *Social Gazetteer* Makes announcement that the Misses Belle and Sylvia Devere Have gayly exodusted with their elephantine trunk To absorb the austral atmosphere of Lake Mohunkachunk.

There's a mumness in the shutters of the frontward of their house

That declares to you the same has not a tenant—e'en a mouse, And there's nothing to be gathered that would put you on the tack

That the sylphs were hermitizing in the second-story back.

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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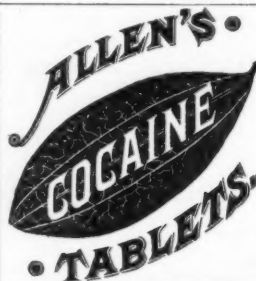
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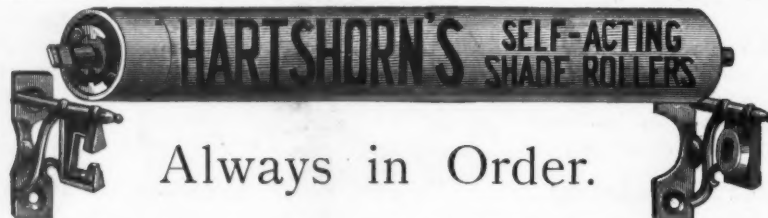
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